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AN  
AMOUROUS TALE  
OF THE  
CHASTE LOVES

K. PETER THE LONG,

AND OF HIS MOST HONOURED DAME  
BLANCHE BAZU, HIS FEAL  
FRIEND BLAISE BAZU,

AND THE HISTORY OF THE  
LOVER'S WELL.

IMITATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH

BY  
THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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L O N D O N :

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## NOTA BENE.

*THE original manuscript of the following tale having been lost at the death of Mr. D. L. C. P.*

*Six years afterwards a copy was found, by his nephew, among the family papers, in the uncle's own hand writing, from which copy the work was printed.*

*We dare affirm, though we know not the date of the manuscript, it was written in or about the fifteenth century; whence we may conjecture the origin of the Lover's Well is not anterior to that date.*

*Those*

Those authors who have written on the antiquities of Paris, make mention of this Well; where the following inscription is to be seen:

*L'Amour m'a fait.*

*Love made me.*

M. de Saint-Foy relates, in his Essays, an adventure of a young man, who, having thrown himself into this Well, refused to be drawn out again till his Mistress had promised to be more kind. After such a testimony it would be absurd to retain a doubt concerning what Peter the Long says on this subject.



THE LOVES OF  
PETER THE LONG.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HOW I FELL SUDDENLY IN LOVE  
WITH A MOST SWEET AND PROPER  
MAIDEN, IN THE CHURCH OF THE  
REVEREND FATHERS THE CAPU-  
CHINS.

CÆSAR de Haulte-Roche,  
my father, of right noble lineage,  
had birth and residence in the  
town of Corbie, in Picardy. My

B

mother

mother having past out of time into eternity he was so heart-stricken that, for a while, he ran reckless and lost his better understanding. When that he his reason did recover, he went to Paris, and there a Capuchin became. Then was there nothing to be heard of, in all that great city, but the fine and long preachings that he made; against heretics, and the Devil's children, to have them rooted out of the land, and, as it were, exterminated; all which gave him a right marvelous renown for devotion.

Now at this time, while I a student was, in the College of Navarre, being of age but six and twenty years, it came to pass that my lord and father was chosen to be Father-Guardian; on which day it so fell out that I ran, speedily, when it I heard, to the church of the Reverend Fathers, to return laud unto God for the honour his bounteous Providence had done our family.

WHENAS I came into the church, I fell most devoutly on my knees,



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knees, in a dark corner, near unto the door; but no sooner had I my orisons, prayers, and thanksgivings begun than I felt something pull me by the arm, and heard a voice call, softly, "Peter, "Peter." Now I directly and forthwith knew it was the voice of my feal friend, Blaise Bazu, the best beloved companion of my studies. "Peter," said Blaise, "my good friend, right glad "am I that thou art come: yonder be my two sisters, and I "have here been waiting, them "purposely to let thee see."

THEN

THEN did I (certain is my soul  
that it was void of guile) then  
did I look round, and the feal  
Blaise continued, whispering:  
“ The brown maiden, whom thou  
“ seest with jet black hair, is Gene-  
“ vieve, the eldest; and this  
“ other, next us, with the auburn  
“ ringlet locks, is Blanche.”

I HAD not looked at Blanche  
not a minute, no, I am certain,  
not a minute, before, without  
knowing or suspecting aught,  
I sighed; yea, from the very

bottom of my heart. Genevieve, I do acknowledge, was a tall well-shaped maiden, yea, and also very handsome. But Blanche! Oh! Blanche was the fairest, sweetest, gentlest—Her cheeks were so red! and so white!—Angels, out of doubt, must handsome be and beauteous, but no! not so beauteous, sure, as Blanche! Where she was, every heart in love must be!—For mine own part, I certainly thought my soul would forth from my body start outright and into her bosom leap.



Now and then I looked down, tried to turn away mine eyes, said my prayers more vehemently, and beat my breast ; hard : very hard. But, alas and alack ! it was all in vain ; my head and mine eyes and my heart continually returned towards Blanche ; and did continually behold her so neat, so sweet, in so gentle a posture, so piously praying, joining her two lily hands so enchantingly, and pressing them against her flush and prompt bosom, which kept gently, gently, heaving up

and down, that my heart beat as though it would have burst; and my sighs were so long, and so wistful! —No—nobody can believe how I sighed!

BLANCHE heard me, and sometimes turned, looked, and marvelled at the extreme fervour of my devotion. For she believed, yea, beauteous as she was, she believed my sighs were for Heaven, and not for her. So guileless, so innocent was Blanche.

WHEN

WHEN ended vespers were,  
my feal friend Blaife and I di-  
rectly rofe and bowed to Blanche  
and Genevieve; after which I  
ran towards the door, my finger  
in the holy water dipped, and  
ftood ready them to fprinkle both  
as they paffed.

WHENAS Blanche came up  
unto me, ſhe, then and there,  
moſt graciously the tip-end of my  
finger with the tip of hers did  
touch; thereby, of the holy wa-  
ter with me to partake; and, as I  
looked



looked bashfully up unto her, I saw her carnation cheeks with blushes overspread. Then did my knees together knock, yea, crouch and sink beneath my over ecstasy; and my heart within me melted with delight.

I WAS so bewildered that it was some time before I remembered to make my reverence; which she returned with so modest, yet so sweet, a grace, that the manner of it stole away my very soul. We parted, and how I got home, alack, I do not know.

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## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HOW MY LOVE FOR BLANCHE  
BECAME MORE AND MORE  
STRONG AND STEDFAST.

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FROM that day forward my heart was in continual warfare held, divided between the love of God and the love of Blanche; and so I daily and devoutly  
went

went to mass, to vespers, and to prayers; and there I always found my dear and beloved mistress; so that, at last, my heart was turned towards her wholly.

AFTER this sort, seven long long months escaped; without my ever once having the courage to confess, even to the feal Blaife, the tender affection I had conceived for the beauteous Blanche. But he, nathless, discovered my secret soul, and me  
affisted

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assisted in my love without  
saying unto me "thus and thus  
"do I."

ONE day, when that to  
Blanche he had been speaking,  
he to me came with looks quite  
cheerful and alert. "Oh Peter!  
"Oh! my good and feal friend,"  
said he, me embracing, "Thou  
"knowest how strong the bands  
"that knit our hearts together  
"are: dost thou not? And yet  
"suppose—yea suppose, Peter,  
"they should become still more  
"strong."



“strong.” By the faith of my body, Blaife, replied I, I know not which way that may be.

“By taking unto wife one of  
“my sisters twain,” said he.

WITH that I to blush began ;  
and so exceeding was my joy  
that, twining my two arms around  
his neck, I clasped him to my  
breast so close, and with good-  
will so hearty, as though it had  
been Blanche herself—Then said  
my dear friend Blaife unto  
me, “The other day, when  
“the reverend Father-Guardian  
“preach-

“ preaching was, I heard thy  
 “ sighs, and saw the looks which  
 “ thou didst amorous cast on  
 “ sister Blanche ; yea, and her I  
 “ also saw, and with what com-  
 “ placency she turned and looked  
 “ on thee again, and how ye  
 “ blushed both, and how your  
 “ eyes were down-cast and abash-  
 “ ed, all which are true-love to-  
 “ kens ; therefore went I and  
 “ spoke to sister Blanche, concern-  
 “ ing thee ; and from all she said  
 “ I gathered that, if thou a true  
 “ and loyal lover wert, thou  
 “ her

“her wouldest find not an un-  
“gentle mistress, nor ungrateful.”

Now when from the feal  
Blaise these things I learned, I let-  
ters and kind words by him be-  
gan to send to his beloved sister  
dear. She answer me returned  
none, but them, nathless, she re-  
ceived and read; and I had, like-  
wise, by the contrived cunning of  
my friend, come oft to the speech  
of her, so as her to sweetly bid  
good-morning, and good-night,  
and other such like amorous and  
gentle

gentle courtesies, which would  
escape in the fullness of my heart.  
Now this continued six months.

AT last, one day, it came to  
pass that my dear friend Blaise  
said unto me, "Let thy heart re-  
"joice, Peter, my friend;—my  
"mother and sister Genevieve  
"are to market going, and sister  
"Blanche is, all alone, house-  
"keeper to be left; so that  
"thou short converse mayest  
"with her have."

C

HERE-



18. THE LOVES OF

HEREUPON my friend left me, and I waited in the lock-smith's passage, which was next door to the house of Dame Bazu.

AND the feal Blaife went with all alacrity and good-will, and spoke to my beloved Blanche; for he a tender affection had towards her, which the same he had not so manifest towards Genevieve, she not being so gentle and so good, but maliciously inclined, and was also a mischief-maker, and especially to  
I I her

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her mother, brother, sister and relations.

Now, while I waiting on espial<sup>s</sup> was, my heart beating so that I could not keep it quiet, and my eyes and my feet restless and impatient, I did nothing but come and go; and then I watching stood, and peeping and hiding every minute.

By and by, certes it was a long long while, Blaise running came and told me, "They are gone, at last; yonder mayest thou see  
c 2 " them.

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"last; yonder mayest thou see  
c 2 "them.



"them. Come, haste thee; the  
 "door is not shut, do thou go  
 "in first; turn thou to the left,  
 "and go thou up that staircase."

PRESENTLY we came to the  
 chamber of my dearly beloved.  
 Blaise tapped and called; then,  
 without pretending any thing of  
 the matter, he slid away softly,  
 and me left alone. I, not know-  
 ing of his knavery, which he  
 meant in all fealty, saw the  
 gentle Blanche come to the door,  
 she thinking she unto her bro-  
 ther spake.

them. Come, haste thee: the

door is not shut, do thou go

in first; turn thou to the left

**CHAPTER THE THIRD.**

OF MY EXCEEDING TEMERITY,  
AND OF THE GREAT WRATH  
OF BLANCHE WHICH FOL-  
LOWED THEREUPON.

**W**HEN I saw that my  
friend Blaise me left had by my-  
self, I found all my courage gone.  
Goffish, sighing, and all in a

tremor, I made a low bow to my beloved Blanche, who blushed when she saw how much I was abashed. Then I sat myself down, at her command; and, after a while, I ventured, by degrees, up at her to look; and she also looked up at me, and so our eyes met. Whereupon my heart was so overcharged with love that I could not speak a single word.

THEN did she anon begin to talk of things very distract and distant from her mind; and I answered,

swered, as kindly as I could ; and all the while I watched to find if, by the gentleness of her speech, I could not perceive some signs of love, concerning which, though I durst not mention it with my mouth, I endeavoured to speak mainly with mine eyes.

NOTWITHSTANDING this a word had more than twice or thrice far as my lips proceeded ; but the fear of offending my beloved mistress still drove it back. Seeing this, she began, and said,



“MERCY be good unto me,  
“Mr. Peter, you are so constant-  
“ly at church and are so very de-  
“vout that it is marvellous to be-  
“hold; and, truly, one would  
“think you were already neither  
“more nor less than a holy friar.  
“Tell me, Mr. Peter, have not  
“you a desire to be one?”

WHEREUPON, instead of an-  
swering her, I began to ask her  
if she did incline to be a nun, for  
that I should example take by her  
in all things. Whereupon the  
fair

fair face of my beloved Blanche,  
on hearing this, was dyed all in  
bright and crimson blushes; then  
did she with her sweet voice re-  
ply,

“ If and I did incline to be a  
“ nun, Mr. Peter, my mother  
“ would the hindrance of me be  
“ therein, for an it is not her will;  
“ but you are in state and cir-  
“ cumstances wholly diverse, for  
“ that the right Reverend Guar-  
“ dian, your father, is himself a  
“ holy man.”

To

To which I answered and said,  
 What, fair and dear mistress, doth  
 that avail? My father may will  
 me to be a monk, but my heart  
 may will the contrary.

“AND what is then the will  
 “of your heart?” said Blanche,  
 greatly moved. To adore at the  
 altar of love, softly and abashed,  
 answered I.

No sooner had I said that than  
 my heart fluttered within me,  
 and all my blood ran back.

Blanche

Blanche was going to reply, but she sighed, could not speak, and blushed and turned pale by turns: at last, drawing in her breath hard, she said,

“WELL-A-DAY! and pray,  
“Mr. Peter, who is it then you  
“love so dearly?”

AH! answered I, that dare I not say, seeing that, though a most true lover I, I yet am not beloved.

“NAY,



"NAY, but speak, speak,"  
said Blanche, turning away her  
head, for she had not the auda-  
city to look towards me.

WHEREUPON I fell upon my  
two knees, and, with piteous sighs  
and tears exclaimed, It is you!  
you, dearly beloved mistress!  
keeper of my life! my soul!  
my heart!

BLANCHE, mute and piteous,  
languishing, glanced a gentle look  
towards me, sighed, and said,

"Well-

“Well-a-day! how much I do  
“fear your love!”

AND wherefore, most fair and  
gentle mistress? answered I. A  
true and loyal servitor I am, and  
in this world no wish have I but  
that of pleasing you. To obtain  
grace in your sight I would die  
Love's Saint; for you have won  
my heart, for ever and for aye.  
Fear not me a deceiver; no! not  
fire, tortures, nor death, should  
make me other than yours; or  
ask what might cast the slightest  
stain

stain upon your pure and snow-  
white honour.

UNFORTUNATE man that I  
was ! Could it be believed ? yea,  
so saying, I was daring enough  
to take the alabaster hand of  
Blanche, who, through her ex-  
treme emotion, no longer heard  
or saw me, and, drawing her  
gently towards me, her beaute-  
ous face there inclined and fell  
upon mine. Then did I feel a  
sudden warmth, an inebriety of  
pleasure tingling through all my  
veins,

veins, and rash love made me so strangely forget all duty and respect that I could no longer restrain my lips from touching hers, nor from imprinting there a most delectable, most ardent and most amorous kiss.

FEELING this, Blanche did hastily arise and fly from me with abundance of tears. Mine not having power to stop her, for she fled with sudden swiftness and withdrew into her chamber, and there



there upon herself did shut the door.

AND now it was in vain that I did supplicate her, with most amorous words and moving phrase, to be pleased to punish my rude intemperance ; she only thus, in great wrath, answered from within, “ O disloyal and  
“ discourteous youth ! More so  
“ than my words can speak, or  
“ than mine eyes ever thought  
“ to have beheld ! No ! there is no  
“ punish-

"punishment sufficient for such  
"disaffection and temerity."

WHEREUPON, when this I  
heard, and greatly, moreover,  
fearing the return of Dame Bazu  
and sister Genevieve, all ashamed,  
discomfited, and grieved as  
I was, back, broken-hearted, to-  
wards my college, turned I.

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*CHAPTER THE FOURTH.**THE SERENADE.*

**T**WO days did I remain stupefact and senseless, rather like unto a dead corps than a living creature, so deep was the despair of my soul; looking without seeing, and conceiving without thought; beating my breast, tearing

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tearing my hair, stamping with my feet, rending my garments, and rolling frantic upon the bed and upon the floor.

My feal friend Blaise neglected not to come unto me, and, seeing the condition I was in, which tears might have drawn from hearts of stone, he to question me began, and ask what the meaning was of that that he beheld.

THEN did I true confession make to my afflicted friend,

D 2

who



who many reasons to me urged  
kind and consolatory, and promi-  
sed Blanche to go to, and appease.  
And he went to appease her; and,  
lo ye! he returned sorrowful.  
And he said "I will go again:"  
and he went again. And thus  
did a fortnight pass, in going and  
coming.

At last he came more joyful  
back than usual; and he said unto  
me, "The anger of Blanche, thy  
"beloved, will presently have  
"end. This weet I in her eyes,  
"and

“and by the words that she herself hath let lapse.” Whereupon Hope sweetly began to smile upon my lips, stole gently into my heart, and softened its sorrows.

Now, the night being come, I went with my friend under the window of queen and mistress mine, and there, taking my guitar under mine arm, and fixing mine eyes upon her casement, I words of tenderness sang, and love, with tears and sighs so deep

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as ever and anon did interrupt  
my amorous ditty.

LOVE'S LAMENTATION.

1st STANZA.

AH wel-a-day! in woe eterne,  
Ah! reckless, ruthless must I live?  
Ah! shall ne love ne pity yearne?  
Ne shall the crime of love forgive?  
Plaifaunce of love! Breath of my Sweeting!  
Ah! how extreme! But, ah! how fleeting!

2nd STANZA.

Turning on earth my downcast eyes,  
Else glaring on the cloud-dropt bow;  
Else, heartless, bursting bitter sighs,  
Lamenting joy forepast I go.

Plaifaunce

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Plaisaunce of love! Breath of my Sweeting!  
Ah! how extreme! But, ah! how fleeting!

III<sup>d</sup> STANZA.

Ah! honey'd, but audacious kifs!  
Which these unlicensed lips purloin'd;  
Excessive was the present bliss,  
Excessive was the woe behind.  
Plaisaunce of love! Breath of my Sweeting!  
Ah! how extreme! But, ah! how fleeting!

IV<sup>th</sup> STANZA.

Anger'd I saw her! Yet not so;  
For, being so, she can't so look.  
I saw her weep, ah! fight of woe!  
And comfort strait my soul forsook.  
Plaisaunce of love! Breath of my Sweeting!  
Ah! how extreme! But, ah! how fleeting!



## vth STANZA.

A piteous sigh half way had stol'n,  
 To tell of flames wherewith I burn'd;  
 But, lo! when tears her eyes had swoln,  
 With tenfold grief it back return'd.  
 Plaifaunce of love! Breath of my Sweeting!  
 Ah! how extreme! But, ah! how fleeting!

IN doleful passion did I chaunt  
 this madrigal, which I had of my  
 own invention framed. Mean  
 while Blanche right softly did her  
 casement open, that she might the  
 better hear; or, haply, thought  
 I, she kindly means to let me  
 know

know that she to listen deigneth.  
Whereupon, noting this, having ended, I again began, with words and voice still more tenderly amorous, as followeth.

LOVE'S PRAYER.

Ist STANZA.

Oh Lady of this loyal heart,  
Turn, Lady, turn thy gentle ear;  
For, ah! that guilt, that love doth thwart,  
Is drench'd in many a scalding tear.

IId STANZA.

Pearl of High-beauty! Peerless Queen!  
A look of grace bestow on me;  
Pardon bestow on Passion's sin,  
For I've bestowed my soul on thee.

My

My queen and mistress, Blanche, heard this, my loyal supplication, with such gracious goodness that she, all benevolently, did out of the window look, for that I might have the consolation her to behold. Then did I cease to sing; for why, I could do nothing but weep for joy!

WHEREUPON, presently, the feal Blaise began to address himself unto her; but she, all gentle as she was, out of virtuous severity

verity would make no answer thereunto; and, when my true and kind friend did petition my return unto her chamber, she strait forth withdrew, shutting the window to, and hiding her heavenly countenance; but not until she had most sweet favourably said "Farewel! Farewel! "Good night!"

WHEREUPON did the feal Blaife begin to comfort me, exceedingly; and did remind me of her honeyed words, and the  
kind



kind and gentle air with which my mistress dear had appeared unto us. After which returned we to the college, where the good porter waiting was to let us in, to whom, in the fullness of my heart, I, for his kindness, gave all my silver, as also a pocket-piece of gold, quaintly carved, which I long hoarded had. So stole we softly to our beds.

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*CHAPTER THE FIFTH.*

HOW SISTER GENEWIEVE DID GO  
AND PARLEY HOLD WITH  
BLANCHE; AND HOW SHE DID  
COAX AND CARESS HER THERE-  
UPON.

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NOW, while my beauteous  
mistress retiring was unto her  
bed, she being, by that time,  
wholly undressed, lo ye, she heard

a noise, a gentle tapping, and a scratching. It was sister Genevieve, at her door, who softly called, "Blanche! sister Blanche! come and let me in."

So, Blanche having let her in, "I am come," said Genevieve, "to lie with thee." Now Genevieve was naked quite, in her shift. Then, having softly shut to the door, into bed she crept, and thus began.

"TELL me, sister mine, was not  
" that

“ that the youth Peter who sing-  
 “ ing was, under our windows, at  
 “ this still-midnight hour?” “ I  
 “ believe it was, sister,” replied  
 Blanche, with fear all trembling:

WHEREUPON Genevieve,  
 coaxingly approaching unto the  
 ear of Blanche, thus spake insin-  
 uate. “ And dost thou love him,  
 “ sister? Tell me truly, dost thou?”

“ No,” answered Blanche; and  
 her heart with vapulation strong  
 began to beat, wary as she was of  
 4 the



the cunning and mischievous propensity of sister Genevieve.

Hearing this did Genevieve  
twine round the neck of Blanche,  
and, kissing her over and over,  
did cry, with joy and transport !  
“ Praise be unto the blessed Mary !  
“ Since thou dost not love Peter  
“ the Long, for thou hast given  
“ me heart’s-ease ! He is, in truth,  
“ a proper young man, my sister,  
“ and my soul delighteth in him ;  
“ for I do love his gentle kind-  
“ ness and complaisance. Long  
“ have

“ have I observed how me he  
 “ followeth to churches and pro-  
 “ ceSSIONS, and often hath he his  
 “ eyes most tenderly fixed upon  
 “ me while he breathes soft  
 “ sighs, therefore hath he no let  
 “ nor avoidaunce in my heart.—

“ Ah! friend, and sister dear,  
 “ how sweet it is to love and be  
 “ beloved!—No, not a look  
 “ doth he cast, not a step doth  
 “ he set, not a gesture, motion,  
 “ or action that he hath, but  
 “ me doth all in commotion set.  
 “ Therefore, friend and sister

E

“ mine,

“ mine, thy helping hand I crave  
“ in all that relateth unto my  
“ love.”

Blanche, right forrowful within, but outwardly most careful not to let her sister read her cogitations, did the converse turn on things indifferent; hiding her grief, insomuch that Genevieve did her believe her confidante. But, lo ye! Blanche became exceeding jealous of her sister, fearing that by her endearments, allurings, and wantonings, she should

should decoy my heart. Whereupon my mistress dear did purpose with herself she presently would see and speak to me, her loyal servitore, and give my poor bosom ease.

ALAS! it was on this thrice happy, yet unhappy, day that Blanche, my ever dear and only love, began to burn for me with affection most extreme; for so hath she since confessed, being most vehemently desirous of becoming my wife. But, in-as-



much as Genevieve had also her longings, and eke the eldest was, many misfortunes did thereupon ensue, as will be seen in this my true and faithful history.

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CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOW I FELL INTO GREAT TEMPTATION UPON FINDING THE LOVELY BLANCHE ASLEEP; AND HOW I LEFT HER, BUT NOT TILL I HAD FIRST STOLEN SEVERAL MOST DELECTABLE KISSES.

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FULL three long days did pass away, mean-while I hoped the grace and pardon of my beloved mistress. The feal

Blaise, returning to his mother's house, did go to the chamber where Blanche, with sister Genevieve, a spinning fat ; wherefore did he not dare, at first, to drop a word or hint concerning my true heart's passion. At last, it came to pass that Dame Bazu took sister Genevieve with her to Vespers, leaving Blaise and Blanche alone together.

Now Blanche was much overtaken by sleep ; for that, for  
three

three nights and three days, little rest had she had from her spinning; it being the season of sending the yarn to the loom. For, in the days of my youth, wealthy dames were right marvelous in their industrious forecast; and morn and e'en did wheel the whern, the while they many a piteous ditty sang. But, ah! how doth this bad world grow worse!

WHEREUPON Blaise, finding the heart of Blanche greatly



moved, softened, and me towards  
 inclined, he did obtain, ere she  
 into a slumber fell, her autho-  
 rizing and avowment for me to  
 come and speak unto her.

THEN did the feal Blaife, in  
 the fullness of his joy, run to  
 tell me the gracious tidings, be-  
 lieving permittance was granted  
 me, then and there, to come.

OH! how great was the tran-  
 sport of my soul, when I heard  
 the gentle kindness of my  
 mistress!

mistress! And how did I leap  
and run towards the house of  
Dame Bazu, leaving the seal  
Blaise to finish my half written  
theme!

Now, as soon as I came to  
the door, I began softly to tap,  
and hearing nothing stir or move  
throughout the house, I knocked  
louder, and did the latch uplift;  
but it was in vain; insomuch  
that my heart began me to mis-  
give. Whereupon the latch again  
I rankled, and shook the door;  
which,

which, not being in-bolted, soon open flew. Then did I enter, and steal up stairs, my heart beating stronger and stronger at every step.

Now, when I came to the chamber of Blanche, there did I behold her at length laid, her beauteous eyes closed, and found sleeping upon her pallet bed.

Oh! how did my very heart and soul pant and glow, when I beheld my sweet and heavenly mistress,

mistress, with her head reclined back, her arms extended, round, white, and uncovered; her lily hands crossing each other; her bodice half unlaced, and her right-courteous neck-handkerchief in part loose and open!—How my eager wandering eyes, distracted by such a world of charms, which human eyes never beheld the like—how! ah! how were they ravished and astounded! A neck whiter than bleacher's meads, a bosom smooth, transparent, and of innocence immaculate; the

4 left



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left leg pendent athwart the right,  
and such an angle, as never, no  
never, was beheld! And then her  
garments too were so put on, so  
fit, so adjusted, that the whole  
angelic form was visible, and  
perfection seemed present to my  
wild wits, wholly undisguised.

Now, at this very moment, did  
the Evil-one, who goeth about  
like a roaring lion, stand behind  
me, prompting and project-  
ing me forward, as it were,  
and saying unto me, "Peter,  
" advance,

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“ advance, draw near, Peter !  
“ Behold how extatic, how su-  
“ preme in excellence, are the  
“ beauties thou seest ! But how  
“ much more wond’rous, how  
“ much more desirable, those  
“ thou canst not see ! Simple  
“ youth, if this heavenly maiden  
“ seemeth unto thee to sleep, is  
“ it not only to leave thee in  
“ full liberty to pursue the amo-  
“ rous delights of love ? Was it  
“ not by her command that  
“ thou art in her chamber now ?  
“ Therefore doth she feign  
“ to

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“to sleep, for she hath not had  
“time to sleep, in very truly.  
“Fear not, Peter, thou shouldest  
“encounter her displeasure;  
“the sweet and fresh-blown  
“rose blooming lies before  
“thee; pluck it, now, while  
“thou mayest!”

WHEREUPON, reflecting on  
all these things, I drove Satan  
far from me; and, repentaunce  
having penetrated to my inmost  
heart and soul, I fell on my  
knees, and fervently did pray  
unto

unto the host of Angels, that  
they would be pleased again to  
inspire me with the love of vir-  
tue and chaste thoughts.

“CRIMINOUS and discourtly  
“Loon,” did I say, beating with  
my doubled fist my breast, “how  
“could things so adverse to ho-  
“nour, and the most chaste  
“chastity of the most honour-  
“able of maidens that the earth  
“ever entertained, how could  
“thoughts so wicked in thy  
“heart entraunce find, or har-  
“bour!



"bour! No, neither love nor  
 "pudour hast thou, since that,  
 "after the kifs of her lips, thou  
 "hast still dared to think offence  
 "against so virtuous and so  
 "pure a Lady."

So faying, I bowed to earth,  
 and, resting upon my one hand,  
 devoutly inclined my head;  
 when, behold! it fell out that  
 Blanche forth stretched her foot,  
 so that, as I rose, it side-long  
 met my cheek.

THEN

THEN could I not refrain from permitting my ardent untractable hand to grasp the sole of her shoe, nor prevent my lips from kissing, again and again, her small and piquant foot; whereupon, my eyes swam in pleasure, intoxicated with amorous delight, so that I remained, in a trance, suffocate with bliss, my heart not being sufficient to contain the exceeding greatness of my joy.

F

Now

Now, in the mean time, it came to pass that Dame Bazu and sister Genevieve were both returned, and did call aloud for Blanche. Whereupon, all tremulous, and fearing to be out-caught, I endeavoured to steal softly down stairs, and hide behind the door.

Now Genevieve watching was at the stair-case foot, neither thence did she depart; and whenas she saw me descending,  
she

PETER THE LONG. 67

ſhe called aloud unto her mother,  
and ſaid, “ here, my mother,  
“ here, lo-ye! is Mr. Peter!”

MANY and various questions  
did Genevieve put unto me; and  
I, in anſwering, did make con-  
feſſion that it was the all-puiſ-  
ſant God of Love who had me  
thither brought, and who, I  
hoped, would liſten kindly unto  
my prayers; and thereupon did  
ſhe make reply that yea, Love  
haply might favourable be un-  
to me; and ſhe ſpake unto



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me with great gentleness, and  
with a benevolent regard; for  
that she thought I loved only  
her.

CHAP.

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## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

HOW AT THE INTERCESSION OF SISTER  
GENEVIEVE, DAME BAZU IS ACQUI-  
ESCENT IN MY REQUEST; AND  
HOW, THEREUPON, MY HEART DOTH  
YIELD TO JOY EXTREME.

---

**N**OW, when I came into the  
presence of Dame Bazu, she at  
first began to bend her brow,  
yea and to look sternly upon

me ; but, forthwith, Genevieve did kifs and carefs her mother exceedingly, and did coax her, playing a thouſand fond tricks, and did ſay that I was come by covert conſent and counſel of the feal Blaife, her brother, in loyal reverence of the worthy and noble Dame Bazu and her daughters, and with good and true intents. So that Dame Bazu could not withſtand the ſoft blandiſhments of her beſt-beloved daughter ; wherefore ſhe ſmiled, and thus me gracious did accoſt.

“ Is it to good and honest  
“ tendency and purport, young  
“ man, that thou dost come unto  
“ my daughter?”

“ YEA, verily, most honoured  
“ dame,” I answered; “ and  
“ happy, happy hour will it be  
“ unto me, should I ever become  
“ your son, and husband hers.”

Now, seeing that Dame Ba-  
zu me thought yet too young,  
behold-ye! Genevieve did again  
begin to fondle her mother, and,



with smile blandite, did pat and  
stroke her hand and cheek:  
then, turning unto me, she fur-  
ther thus did say.

“My lady mother good and  
“prudent is, and well-knoweth  
“the things that proper and  
“convenient are. But pray tell  
“unto her, gentle Mr. Peter,  
“what is your present age.”  
Whereupon, I answered, “I  
“should be five and twenty, and  
“it should please Almighty  
“Grace

“ Grace and Goodness, come All-  
 “ Saints day.”

THEN did Genevieve look with  
 wistful tenderness towards Dame  
 Bazu, and say unto her, “ Mr.  
 “ Peter is not so exceeding  
 “ young.” And her mother did  
 thereupon reply, “ If, good Mr.  
 “ Peter, your lord and father  
 “ will come and say as you have  
 “ said, why then may satisfaction  
 “ and content happen unto all  
 “ parties, and your heart’s desires  
 “ may chance to be fulfilled.”

Now,

Now, as she did utter these sweet words, I fell, joyously, on my knees, and did kiss the hem of her garment; and forthwith, without ado, alert did fly to the seal Blaife, at the college; and so exceeding was my joy, that, like the bounding roe-buck, scarcely did I touch the ground, but sprang, wild, along the busy streets, like unto a love-wood man, as I was.

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## CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

HOW I SUDDENLY FELL INTO  
GREAT LAMENTATION AND  
GRIEF; AND HOW THE FEAL  
BLAISE DID EFTSOON ASSIST ME  
WITH FRIENDLY AND DUTEOUS  
COUNSEL.

---

NOW, having heard of the  
welcome I had received from  
sister Genevieve and Dame  
Bazu, the feal Blaife was ex-  
ceedingly



ceedingly troubled ; and, forth-  
with, his hands and eyes to Hea-  
ven raising, he did exclaim and  
cry, “ Ah! my poor friend ;  
“ my poor Peter ; sister Gene-  
“ vieve of thee is herself deeply  
“ enamoured ; whereby she hath  
“ even confessed it to my mother,  
“ who, thou knowest, doateth  
“ upon her, and will not leave  
“ to require thou shouldest marry  
“ her ; seeing she is the eldest,  
“ and the darling, and that our  
“ mother intendeth she shall  
“ betrothed be the first. O, griev-

“ ous

"ous and unpleasant chance!  
 "What shall become of thee, my  
 "friend?—But let us presently  
 "go and visit thy reverend father,  
 "to the end that he may grant his  
 "consent, and may, afterwards,  
 "advise thee what thing best is  
 "to be done. Come, then,  
 "friend and brother mine; to  
 "sorrow do not too much scope  
 "and way give; for in love, as  
 "in all things, there be many  
 "hindrances and griefs, and  
 "fashous impediments.

Now,

Now, at these words, most deep and heavy sighs did escape my soul; and, all mournfully drooping, in silence, did I follow the feal Blaise, as the sheep of the fold, in frost and snow, droopingly do follow after the shepherd.

ALAS! so deep had cankered grief eaten into my heart that, had Fortune offered me content, had she not therewith also offered me Blanche, she must have given me a new heart wherein to entertain it.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE LOVES OF 03  
PETER THE LONG.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HOW THE REVEREND FATHER GUARDIAN, MY CASE HEARD HAVING, WOULD NOT GRANT UNTO ME HIS CONSENT, FOR REASONS WHICH WILL BE HEREAFTER NOTED.

O! Loyal servants of the infant God, ye of pure and faithful hearts, how many sufferings and sorrows have ye to undergo!



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go! How many dolours and deaths, an ere ye may be permitted to live in the sweet and gentle enjoyments of love!

Now, when we came unto the convent, and the feal Blaife had told my piteous tale, my Lord and Father on us did first bestow his benediction; and then, with grave and severe words, did thus address himself unto me.

“AND is it for thee! Peter!

“for

" for thee! who the son of the  
 " right reverend Father Guar-  
 " dian art, to condescend to  
 " other estate or condition, of  
 " life than that of priest and  
 " prophet of the Lord? As much  
 " as is the wretchedest beggar,  
 " that wandereth houseless over  
 " the earth, beneath the mighti-  
 " est monarch; so much is the  
 " mightiest monarch beneath the  
 " least of my Capuchins. Seest  
 " thou the children of this  
 " world of perdition careful after  
 " transitory treasures, and heap-

G

"ing

“ing up wealth? Let them  
 “gorge and disgorge their cof-  
 “fers! Despicable receptacle,  
 “and despicable gewgaws! Con-  
 “temned of the righteous, for  
 “whom God, out of his glory  
 “and sufficence, is ever watch-  
 “ful and provident.”

THEREUPON, these things  
 being said, my Lord and Father  
 many more did add; but, be-  
 holding me swallowed up and  
 engulphed in grief, and ill-pro-  
 fitting thereby, he, with a mo-  
 tion

tion of his hand, ~~did token the~~  
feal Blaife to withdraw, and then  
to ~~speake unto me~~ did continue,  
after this manner and fort.

“PETER, my son, hear with  
“thine ears, and hearken well  
“unto my words ; for thou wilt  
“find them passing good and  
“wise.”



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**CHAPTER THE SECOND.****THE DREAM OF THE REVE-  
REND FATHER GUARDIAN.**

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**L**AST night, being out-  
stretched at length in my bed in  
my sound and sweet sleep, a  
vision appeared unto me. And  
I suddenly beheld multitudes of  
owls,

owls, fluttering within dove-cotes, and breaking and devouring the eggs of the turtle-doves; and the beauteous turtle-doves were fearful of the owls, and the poor birds fled before them!

AND I beheld and saw a church; and in it were birds of a beauteous plumage, variegated, red and black; and they were chafing, far off, huge, horned, winged cats, which, flying through the windows, went and

sucked up the oil out of the lamps.

AND I beheld, and lo ! there was a mill ; and there came martins, sleek and well fed ; and they went and eat the corn upon the backs of asses ; and there came sparrows ; and the martins and the sparrows fought ; and the martins took the ears of corn from the sparrows, and plucked off their feathers, and left them naked ; and the feathers and the ears of corn were borne away by  
the

PETER THE LONG. 87

the sleekest and fatteft martins;  
and their actions were shameless,  
carnal and abominate.

AND I beheld, and saw huge  
birds, on the top of a high rock;  
and they had the bills and claws  
of eagles, the necks of swans,  
and the stomachs of ostriches;  
and they were feasting upon  
dainties. And along the rock  
were crows, magpies, monkies,  
and parrots, which fed upon their  
offals, and were fat and bloated.  
And, lo! I beheld and saw thee,



my son, approach; thy head all circled with rays of glory! And behold they all bowed down before thee; whereupon, I was in such extacy of joy, that I leaped in my bed, and started up, so that I did awake.

LISTEN, and I will explain these things unto thee.

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**CHAPTER THE THIRD.****INTERPRETATION OF THE  
DREAM OF THE REVEREND  
FATHER GUARDIAN.**

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**M**EN are no longer men, so much are they degenerate. Owls are become mistresses and queens over turtle-doves; breaking the eggs,

eggs, and devouring the innocent doves; who are the Capuchins and other monks, and who, by a complot between hell and Satan, are chased, pursued, and pecked at by the owls.

THE birds of beauteous plumage are no other than our holy Fathers, who cease not to wage war against Dæmons and Heretics, the harbingers of Anti-Christ; these are they that spoil our corn, oil, and wine, and let the martins enter.

THE

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THE large birds, on the top of the rock, have eagles beaks and talons that they may all devour, necks of swans all to swallow, and stomachs of ostriches all to digest. Whereupon it happeneth that those who nothing have, fawn and humble themselves before those who have all; and straightway do become deceitful traitors, cringing cowards, and base parasites, and do thereby obtain a larger portion of the offals.

LISTEN



LISTEN unto these things,  
and regard them well; for they  
portentous be, and do foreshew  
that the end of the world is at  
hand; as hath been prognosti-  
cated and foretold by the holy  
hermit San-Loco, in his hun-  
dred and one prognostications.

# PROGNOSTICATIONS

OF THE HOLY HERMIT SAN-LOCO.

\* \* \* \* \*

xcv.

WHEN the Panthers fly before

The Reynard of Teutonic shore;

When

PETER THE LONG. 93

When they hang their heads and tails,  
And suffer apes to pare their nails;  
And when in mournful troops they flock,  
That the old Musti may their whiskers  
pluck :

xcvi.

When he that is the most a Knave,  
Shall most be held, wife, rich and brave;

xcvii.

When upstart Pride, of new renown,  
All auncient honour shall put down :

xcviii.

When small hearts and large mouths are met,  
And green-grey-heads in office get :

xcix. When

xcix.

When Callot-queans and Paramours  
Have swagger'd chaste Wives out of doors.

\* \* \* \* \*

cl.

When Asses sit in Doctors chairs,  
While Doctors scratch these Asses' ears.

When marvels strange as these appear,  
The end of all things shall draw near.

WHEREFORE, seeing, my son,  
that these things be now all  
fulfilled and come to pass, and  
that these omens do augur thus  
the

the general dissolution, therefore, inasmuch as I beheld thee all bright and shining, circled with rays of glory, and that the birds of Baal did bow down before thee, so art thou to become a Father Capuchin most famous and renowned; a converter of Infidels ere the coming of the new Jerusalem; neither must thou take unto thyself a wife, but must all things renounce, that nothing thou mayest need.

THUS spake my Lord and



Father ; and seeing that there-  
unto I offered no reply, he did  
turn fashous from me, in wrath.  
And I all piteously did go with  
the feal Blaife, faying unto him,  
Wherefore is it that my reve-  
rend Father would have me a  
Monk ? And may I not as well  
become a Saint, an if I wed the  
virtuous and heavenly Blanche,  
as if an I were a gloomy Capu-  
chin Friar?

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CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

HOW THE AFFLICTED BLANCHE DID  
BELIEVE HERSELF FORSAKEN OF  
ME, AND HOW I DID HASTEN TO  
UNDECEIVE AND CONSOLE AND CON-  
DOLE WITH HER THEREUPON.

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COME all ye who, with eye-  
brows bushy and severe, lift but  
to frown; come, and hearken,  
unto my amorous complaints,

H

and

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and ye shall be moved with commiseration: yea ye shall shed rivulets of tears.

ALAS! mine were my customary food; wherefore, hearken, and ye shall understand the complaints that I uttered.

L O V E ' s D O L E .

Ist STANZA.

ALAS! my cares, when will ye leave me?  
Oh Love! when wilt thou cease to grieve  
me?

Spare my sorrows, hear my sighs;  
For lo thy Victim droops and dies.

IId STANZA.

PETER THE LONG. 99

THE STANZA.

Not that of suffering I complain;  
Suffering for her is blessed pain:  
But that, if I should die, forlorn,  
My Lady dear might chance to mourn.

Now, while I thus did vent  
my wailing, Dame Bazu, sister  
Genevieve being present, rejoic-  
ing, did say unto Blanche that  
I presently should be betrothed  
unto a wife whom I should  
cleave unto, and most vehemently  
affection; thereby meaning and  
naming Genevieve. And other  
things did she utter, which did



cast the afflicted mistress of my  
soul into grief of heart most  
great.

AND the innocent and weep-  
ing maiden did reproach herself  
for that she had shewn so great  
wrath unto me, for the too au-  
dacious kiss I, from her pure  
lips, purloined had; thinking  
that this change in my affections  
was thereby wrought.

ALL this did the feal Blaife re-  
late unto me, he not having un-  
deceived

deceived her; for why, he had nor time nor opportunity, seeing that the evening was far spent. Wherefore, with all speed did I hasten to the house of Dame Bazu, desirous to speak unto my poor Blanche, and thereby risking to be seen by the soft glimmerings of the moon.

THERE when I came I happily found the door a-jar; and, looking carefully round, right gently did push it, and nimbly glided in and stood upon the

stairs, scarce daring to take respiration. There did I hear Dame Bazu, who sliced a cake, and gave the slices to sister Genevieve, and my beloved Blanche. And soon as they their portions had received, they came towards the stairs; and Genevieve did push Blanche hindermost, for that she came fast running.

WHEREUPON, hearing thereof, stricken with fright, I three or four steps at a stride up the stairs did mount; and, seeing the

the chamber door of Blanche open, forthwith did enter, seeking a hiding place. And there stood by the bedside a picture, large and fine, which down had been taken, and there placed, leaning against the bed-post; whereupon I straightway crouched down, and kneeled, the better to conceal myself, and did hide behind the picture.



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CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

HOW I FELL INTO FEARFUL  
TRANCES AS I CROUCHED BE-  
HIND THE PICTURE.

---

NOW had I scarcely time to  
place myself, and draw in my  
breath, before in came Gene-  
vieve, skipping right joyous,  
and,

and, with merry heart and antics, laughing and sporting, followed by Blanche. And so it fell out that, as she up to the picture came, she there did stop short and suddenly; and did say,  
 “Jesu Maria! sister Blanche,  
 “how like unto Peter the Long  
 “this picture is! Give it me, I  
 “pray thee; for, since thou dost  
 “not love Peter, thou canst not  
 “love his likeness; and I will  
 “take it in unto my chamber.”

WHEREUPON the tender heart

was

of

of Blanche was so full that she scarcely could forbear to weep; and Blanche answered her, and said, "Thou knowest, sister, it is the semblance and portraiture of my lord our grandfather, in the days of his youth; and that my lady mother hath commanded and said, Here must it remain, and nowhere else. Wherefore, sister, I pray thee shew kindness unto me, and leave me alone awhile."

Now

Now Genevieve made no answer to the gentle words of Blanche, but came close up to the picture, that she might the better behold and see it; and she did look in front, and on one side, and on the other side; and did place it more upright, and then more askant; and did lift it up and down; and still did continue to exclaim, By our Lady! but the picture is right like unto Peter! Meanwhile did I crouch, most piteously trembling, behind; not daring to draw



draw breath, nor knowing where to creep. And this a long time did continue.

BUT now, after a while, Genevieve, who a wild damsel was, and nothing like unto the tender Blanche, hearing her sister sigh and take on, forthwith did begin to sing, and wantoning and bounding, did leave her alone.

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CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOW I INTO STRANGE PASSIONS  
DID DECLINE, AND FELL DES-  
PAIR.

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NOW, when the grieved  
Blanche beheld that she was left  
alone, she, forthwith, ran to the  
door; and, bolting it on the in-  
side,

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side, did return to the picture; whereupon, seating herself right opposite unto it, and, with affectionate regard, looking wistfully upon it, she thus began, in softly speech, it to address.

“ ALAS ! alas ! and can it be  
“ that thou, Peter, so quickly  
“ hast forgotten her whom thou  
“ so lately love didst ?—Ah !  
“ wherefore, wherefore ; or what  
“ are the wrongs I have thee  
“ done ?—Alas ! what wrong but  
“ that of loving thee with all  
4 “ my

" my strength?—Yet, pardon,  
 " Oh pardon! dear Lord of my  
 " virgin love, these my laments;  
 " for I will lament no more, if  
 " with another thou mayest  
 " more happy be than with thy  
 " Blanche. Ah! will not that  
 " make Blanche happy also?—  
 " Well-a-day! haply she hath  
 " given thy love offence, or per-  
 " haps, ah me! she hath not  
 " the graces, the beauties, and  
 " the virtues to make her wor-  
 " thy thy affection."

WHERE-



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WHEREUPON my Lady-love  
began to weep; and I, right  
shamed, her to have left thus  
long, in sorrow-sad, was going  
myself to discover, when, with  
tender and moving voice, most  
passing sweet, she did thus begin  
to chaunt.

THE COMPLAINT OF MY MOST HO-  
NOURED DAME BLANCHE BAZU.

1st STANZA.

SHEW me that fair and happy Dame,  
My bosom's Lord, whom thou dost woo;  
Who doth thy am'rous service claim,  
And I will love and serve her too.

11d STAN-

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IIId STANZA.

If rigorous were my maiden fears,  
And chiding words did grief impart,  
Ah! lo thee! now, these falling tears!  
Ah! pity, now, this bleeding heart!

IIId STANZA.

Yet, may my griefs be still unknown;  
For, ah! should sorrow prey on thee,  
Tho' I might live and grieve alone,  
'Twere worse than death thy grief to see!

IVth STANZA.

Tho' thou, on me, no, never more  
One future look of love should'ft cast,  
Lord of my heart! still thee t'adore  
Will I delight, while life shall last.

I

Shew

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Shew me that fair and happy Dame,  
My bosom's Lord, whom thou dost woo;  
Who doth thy am'rous service claim,  
And I will love and serve her too.

Now was it not possible to  
hear voice so sweet, and words  
so kind, and not remain tremu-  
lous and entranced in pleasure.  
Whereupon, when my Lady  
dear had ended her plaintful and  
amorous ditty, she down did  
kneel, and with her fair and  
beauteous face did approach the  
portraiture; graciously intent,  
with

with those her blest and virgin lips of Paradise, on it to bestow a kiss; and, straightway, when this I understood, I, with my arm, swift did slide the picture from between us, and thus were we both kneeling close and opposite each to the other! No marvel that the wonder of my Lady dear was great: But oh happy, happy Peter! so likewise was her joy. Postured thus, long mute and motionless did we remain, so exceeding was our pleasure; but alack! this was I



myself obliged to destroy, and desolation of heart to induce, by relating the words which Dame Bazu and Genevieve had spoken, and the will of my reverend Father Guardian: this, with sadness, having done, I thus did further say unto the beloved of my heart.

“LADY and mistress mine, in  
 “all that foregone is, the distress  
 “and peril of our loves thou  
 “seest; and, forasmuch that  
 “thou never more mayest enter-  
 “tain

“ tain surmise or doubt of me, thy  
 “ true and loyal servitore, and  
 “ that never power more may  
 “ be found, by earthly being,  
 “ our true souls to separate, I  
 “ have a thing of thee to beseech  
 “ and supplicate.”

THEN answered my mistress  
 dear, with looks of kind intent,  
 and said, “ Speak, Mr. Peter,  
 “ what is it?”

WHEREUPON I replied, “ La-  
 “ dy of my life, it is that we  
 I 3 together

" together to the church, hard  
 " by, may go ; and there a fo-  
 " lemn vow pronounce ; thou  
 " never other husband than I to  
 " take, and I than thee no other  
 " wife."

THEN answered Blanche, and  
 said ; " Lord of my true heart's  
 " love, an thou wishest me to  
 " vow thee, and only thee, to  
 " love, while this life breath I  
 " draw, that will I straight do ;  
 " but other vow or promise  
 " make I may not."

“MAY not!—May not!”—  
I replied, all astound and pale.

“ALACK! Love! no, may not;  
“nor either mayest thou; being,  
“as we both are, subject to fa-  
“ther and mother. For that we  
“are Lovers, constancy we ought  
“to cherish; but still more ought  
“we to cherish the love of God,  
“and the obedience he himself  
“hath commanded us to pay  
“father and mother, dear and  
“holy.”



IN vain was it for me to  
 grieve, and sigh, and pray; in  
 vain did I protest, die I must, and  
 would, and unless that she did  
 vow; for Blanche thereto did  
 answer make, she die, also, must  
 and would; but that to die  
 'twere better than virtue in aught  
 to wound, or violate.

WHEREUPON I did vehe-  
 mently demand and exclaim,  
 “Sancta Maria! and if thy Lady  
 “mother, then, other husband  
 “than I should bid thee take,  
 “wouldest

“wouldest thou in this obedient  
“be?”

“CANST thou ask me that,  
“Peter?—Would I?—Certes, I  
“would.”

THEN forthwith did sudden  
tremblings seize on all my limbs,  
and my tumultuous and fitful  
blood by turns did make my  
cheeks now pale, now red; so  
that, in this the high-wrought  
spleen and phrensy of love, I up  
did start, and ran, right swift,  
saying

faying to myself, Death! death! death!—Better it is once to die than always to live unhappy.

AND presently I came unto a Well, which beholding, my heart did beat with furious joy; and, with mine eye measuring the ground, I ran, and sprang right into its mouth, vanishing with hollow and gloomy rumble, and right dreary echo.

BUT Oh! the good Providence!

PETER THE LONG. 1123

dence! that, with eye of mercy,  
hath respect and pity upon  
poor distracted Lovers!

CHAP



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CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

HOW, BEING IN THE WELL, STILL  
FURTHER MISCHANCE DID BE-  
FALL.

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NOW the feal Blaife had not  
come with me ; forasmuch as he  
had certain labours that him  
gave hinderance ; and, these hav-  
ing

ing finished, he then eftsoon came, me to find, ambulating by the light of the moon.

As he drew near unto the house of Dame Bazu, his mother, he saw the poor Blanche, who, after me, all wild with fright, was running; and, her straightforth following, they together did see me, whenas I ran and sprang into the well.

THEN did they, coming up, make right-ruthful moan, so that  
them

them I heard ; forasmuch as I had not fallen into waters deep ; but, miraculously ! on my feet had alighted, in a hollow place which had been dug in the side of the well ; and where, much soft earth being left, I, by God's good pity ! had escaped wound, bruise, or broken limb.

Now as they stood and called, looking down into the well, I these aforesaid tidings good made known ; whereupon, my dear Lady Blanche did cry aloud with  
joy,

joy, and straightway, kneeling down, thanks returned to Almighty Goodness. Mean while the feal Blaife did swift let down the bucket, for that I might step therein, and be updrawn.

BUT I, right headstrong, did refuse; and say that, unless Blanche would make the vow I did require, I myself and griefs straightforth in watery grave would hide for aye; neither from this, my sinful purpose, could they me turn aside. My heart was  
shut



shut unto the rueful complaints of the piteous Blanche; yea, so stubbornly bent was I that, not the threats, the prayers, no, nor the tears of my mistress dear, me could move; I turned a deaf ear unto them all. Whereupon the good and feal Blaife also to weep began, and to intreat the most virtuous Blanche that she to me would be less cruel.

“OH! dear and beloved sister  
 “mine,” said he, “let thy gentle  
 “soul take pity upon the friend  
 “of

“ of my heart, Peter the Long ;  
“ and oh ! suffer him not to die  
“ for that thou wilt not vow.”

BUT to do this thing the dutious Blanche all-peremptory did refuse ; which I hearing did, in the bitter anguish and despair of my soul, forthwith to the bottom plunge !

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*CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.*

HOW THE LORD DELIVERED ME OUT  
OF THIS MY PERIL; AND HOW THE  
WELL WAS NAMED THE LOVER'S  
WELL.

---

**T**HEN had my poor mistress  
like to have died; and, when  
she came unto herself, she did  
call aloud, often and long, and  
4 with

with oaths gave me protestation  
and assurance she would do what  
I required, an that I would but  
live.

AND now her cries so shrill  
and piercing were that, though  
right deep the Well was, I, hav-  
ing risen with my head above  
the water, heard her affirma-  
tions; whereupon I drew the  
bucket towards me, and, after  
mainly struggling, did get my  
feet therein; and, laying hold  
of the rope, the seal Blaife and



my ever dear and blessed mistress  
did begin me up to draw.

AND the rope, which full ancient was, did at each turn of the windlafs crack, and it was with might and main they were obliged to wende, by little and little, so clumsy and so crazy were the appertinaunts of this old Well. And the jerking motion did swing me to and fro; which did force me, while with one hand I held the rope, to stretch out the other, therewith  
to

to save myself, so much as save I  
might, from the blows and  
bruises that I received.

Now the higher I was raised,  
and the nearer I did approach  
the mouth, the more extreme  
my peril was; for often did my  
weight overcome all the strength  
of the ardent but fearful Blanche,  
and the struggles of the feal  
Blaise, who only could me save,  
then, by setting his foot against  
the wall; and still, each pluck  
they gave, amain the bucket  
shook,

hook, and the rope cracked anew. Whereupon, all panting and pale with fear, they durst not me up higher pull, nor let me down, but did offer up most fervent prayers to our Lord-protectors, the heavenly Saints, for that they would all for me petition Almighty God.

AH! what were the heart-throbbings, and the deathful fears of my Lady-mistress dear! And Oh! Love! Love! how shall I ever render thee sufficient thanks!

thanks! For it was thou who didst  
come to my aid; thou gavest her  
strength and courage, and when-  
as her fair and tender hands did  
grasp the rude rough cord,  
whereby they were all torn and  
lacerate, thou pain didst hush,  
and it expel, by giving her to  
think only of her Love.

Now, as I did approach the  
brink, when, all exhaust, they  
could no longer wende, I, fast hold  
of the rope laying, did set my foot  
against the side, and thus up clam-



bered with all my might ; then, with one hand in a crevice grasping, I myself was about forth to pull ; when, lo ! the earth and stones gave way, yea from under my hand did crumble, and, with coil and clatter falling, did alight boisterous on me ; while I, swinging in air, did receive rude stunning blows.

YET did I not courage lose ; but, grappling again, on the other side, I did so well put forth my strength of arms, and hands, and  
knees,

knees, and feet, that, presently,  
out of the Well myself I rolled,

WHEREUPON, I, forthwith,  
did kiss the earth in all humility,  
and then, with tears and joined  
hands, looking up to Blanche,  
did intercede excuse and pardon;  
while she, so sweet and gentle  
was her nature, could not utter  
one angry word; but, instead  
thereof, piteously, with all her  
strength, did pull me by the arm,  
lest again into the Well I should  
fall.

THEN

THEN, standing on my feet, placing myself on one side of the Well, and Blanche on the other, we did take hands, across the windlass; and over this Well did vow, taking heaven and our seal friend to witness, everlasting loyalty and love.

WHEREUPON it hereafter happened that I did build this Well anew; and with my own hand did thereon inscribe

LOVE MADE ME.

AND

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AND my Lady-mistress dear  
gave it the name of

THE LOVER'S WELL.

AFTER all these things were  
done and past, that we might  
refuge and avoidaunce find,  
from those who began now to  
gather round us, the feal Blaise  
did take us into the shop of Ma-  
ster Grillet, who did traffick  
make in cast off doublets, shoon,  
and hose; whereof, all dripping

as



as I was, I stood in need ; and  
 having presently me apparelled,  
 the feal Blaife thus spoke.

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CHAPTER THE NINTH.

HOW THE FEAL BLAISE DID, THERE  
AND THEN, GIVE ME A NEVER  
TO BE FORGOTTEN PROOF OF HIS  
FRIENDSHIP.

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“SEEING the vow that ye  
“both have made never must be  
“broken, but that ye shall ever  
“faithful love and serve each  
“other,

“ other, it seemeth unto me fit  
“ and right that in face of holy  
“ mother church ye be forth-  
“ espoused: and, for that ye may,  
“ I will ye take unto a good and  
“ faintly Friar, whom I do know,  
“ and who never doth refuse to  
“ marry true lovers, and sincere,  
“ when they unto him come; he  
“ right courteously will do ye  
“ aid and service: yea, even  
“ now, this very hour, if so ye  
“ it pleaseth. And this outright  
“ to do, would I advise; for  
“ that being done, not holy Fa-  
“ ther-

“ther-Guardian, nor Dame Ba-  
“zu, might then give let and  
“impediment unto your true  
“heart’s Love.”

WHEREUPON, when this my  
Lady-love had heard, she, from  
the crown of the head unto the  
sole of the foot, did tremble ;  
while I, right joyous, did bound  
in the air, and a hundred times  
did clasp the feal Blaise unto my  
bosom.

THEN did I look right wist-  
fully



fully amorous upon Blanche, dear mistress mine, without speaking unto her one word; but, blushing, I took her under the arm, and, passing thus through a private door, we, straightforth, went to the good and holy man, where in a chapel we performed our vows in the presence of witnesses.

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**CHAPTER THE TENTH.**

HOW LOVE DID FRAME UNTO ITSELF  
SWEET DELIGHTS, AFTER THE  
MARRIAGE; AND OF THE COUNSEL  
WHICH THE MAN OF GOD GAVE.

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**N**OW Blanche refractive  
was unto these things; and still,  
as she went, me she chid; but  
still she went. And presently we  
**L** came

came unto the house of the holy Father, and Saviour mine; who, with speech right gentle, did invite and bring my lovely Mistress, all blushing, to the chapel; where the sacred rites he did begin, and my Mistress did answer, yea; and I, right prompt and gladly, also, to her yea, yea did reply!

Now, when the word was spoken, Blanche did seem like unto a corpse, so pale and languid was she; but, I, straightway, with eager cares and chaste  
 caresses,

careffes, did her to life bring.  
 Yet, welladay ! was it but to figh  
 and weep, and the feal Blaife to  
 chide, and me, likewise ; and,  
 with joined hands, a thousand  
 and a thousand times, pardon to  
 intreat of Dame Bazu, her Lady-  
 mother, who her not heard.

THIS beholding, the Holy-man  
 to her true grief gave way,  
 awhile ; and then, with heart-  
 affuaging fpeech, and words sanc-  
 tiloquent, did comfort and con-  
 fole her ; infomuch that all who



heard wondered, loved and lauded the good kind-hearted Friar. And he did sentence give that the Bride should leave, all night, her window open, for her Lord and Spouse; whereupon, hearing this, she did blush exceedingly, and I also; but, notwithstanding, by her silence, she obedience promised to his behests: after which she would retire, nor suffer [longer converse with me; nor would she permit so much as one chaste look to stray towards me.

AND

AND when that so the feal  
 Blaife had home brought back  
 his fister Blanche, and under-  
 stood that Dame Bazu no know-  
 ledge or fufpicion had of all that  
 was foregone, he ftraightwith did  
 return to me, who with the Holy-  
 man remained; and the good  
 Father me fhelter and fojourn  
 provided; for I not dared go  
 back unto the college, fearing  
 that babbling Rumour might have  
 thither flown to my mishap.

NOR therein had I wrong

L 3

misdoubt.

misdoubt. Eftsoon through Paris had this adventure fspread; and many did me narrate by name, and many did tell it in the name of other.

WHEREUPON, it came to pafs that Genevieve, being at a neighbour's houfe, there did hear whatever and all that happened had at the Well.

Now of all this did ſhe not ſpeak a word, whenas ſhe home came in to ſupper! But, after prayers,

prayers, she and Blanche did bid good night to Dame Bazu; and, having first down kneeled, while them their Lady-mother blessed, they both did go into the chamber of Blanche. And the window of the chamber open was; which, ah! to our hereafter grief and woe-fraught mishap, Genevieve right well remark did.



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CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

HOW GENEVIEVE DID PLAY HER  
SISTER BLANCHE AND ME THE MOST  
KNAVISH AND DISLOYAL PRANK  
THAT HEART EVER CONCEIVED.

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AND Genevieve, malicious as  
she was, did go and out of the  
window lean, and straightway  
began of me to parley; saying,  
“ Sister

“ Sister mine, an I not mistake,  
 “ yonder Peter the Long, my Lo-  
 “ ver, goeth, walking under the  
 “ wall; yea, now he cometh this  
 “ way: wherefore, I do opine  
 “ that he, this night, amorous dit-  
 “ ties, under my window, to sing  
 “ meaneth, as heretofore he hath;  
 “ wherefore, I pray thee, who  
 “ lovest him not, as thou thyself  
 “ me told hast, here to leave  
 “ me, solely, in thy chamber;  
 “ and, as thou, I wist, art sleepy,  
 “ to go and lay thee down in  
 “ mine; that Lovers’ colloquies  
 “ may

"may thy soft slumbers not  
"disturb."

AH ! how did the life-heart of  
thee suffer, my poor Blanche !—  
Yet did she semblance make of  
laughter, and answer, no, and  
forthwith all her might did use,  
in seeming sport, to push Gene-  
vieve forth from the chamber ;  
but she, with opposition, held the  
door.

AND now, seeing that my  
Mistress-dear was not of nature  
rude,

rude, nor of age and limb boisterous and strong, as this her mankind-sister, Genevieve herself did turn about, and, in her arms taking my Lady-bride, her up did lift, off of her feet, the door forth opened, and rudely threw her down without; efts-foon into the chamber gliding, and herself therein fast barring.



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CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

HOW BLANCHE DID PRAY UN-  
TO GENEVIEVE, AND WHAT  
THEREON CAME TO PASS.

---

AND first, my Gentle-mistress-  
dear, with hand and foot, did  
knock and thrust against the  
door; wherefore, the other, the  
greater to despise her, the bolt  
did

did fasten, and outright did laugh,  
to the deep heart's affliction of  
the weeping Blanche. And Ge-  
nevieve did but therefore laugh  
the more, whenas her sobs she  
heard; and then to the window  
went, and then returned to the  
door; through the key-hole say-  
ing things most uncivil, and sur-  
charged with spleen, in all kind-  
seeming love and friendship.

Now, seeing this she might  
not long endure, my Mistrefs-  
dear did threat that to her Lady-  
mother

mother she would straight complain.

WHEREUPON, with laugh malign, Genevieve did quick reply,  
“ Tell her, also, I pray thee, dear  
“ sister mine, that fine adventure  
“ of the Lover’s Well, which  
“ thou knowest all by heart; or,  
“ if so thou rather wouldest, I,  
“ in thy stead, will go and tell  
“ it: therefore, now, I pray thee,  
“ chuse.”

Now Blanche, at hearing this,

stood mute—And thus two hours  
 passed away, when Genevieve did  
 then signify unto her sister she  
 to bed should go; and soon her  
 boddice she unbuckle did, and  
 doffed her coats, upper and un-  
 der, her garters and her stockings,  
 and on her night-cap put, and  
 into bed did get, with frolic bruit  
 and roister, for that the desolate  
 Blanche might hear and be con-  
 vinced.

Now Genevieve, in bed be-  
 ing, did, with much seeming pity,  
 say,



say, "Stand not weary there, my  
 " pretty sister-dear, but go, I pray  
 " thee, into my chamber, whereof  
 " the door is open—Go, go;  
 " nay, I pray thee, go: good  
 " night, gentle Love, good night."

As thus she said, again she  
 mocking laughed; while Blanche  
 again did supplicate, and chide,  
 and weep in vain; for Genevieve  
 thereto but replied good night,  
 good night; and, sister, many  
 thanks!

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

THE LOVES OF  
PETER THE LONG.

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BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HOW GOD DID BRING MANY AND  
GREAT EVILS UPON ME, FOR THAT  
I HAD NOT PAID OBEDIENCE DUE  
TO THE SAINTLY WORDS OF THE  
REVEREND FATHER-GUARDIAN.

LONG time impatient and  
aloof stood I, in shadowy cor-  
ners dark; whence I did peer  
and peep, and wait and watch,  
M and,

and, ever and anon, walk, fretting, to and fro; not daring to approach the window, for that I several times thither beheld Genevieve come and go. But now, seeing that she no longer there appeared, and that all things, at length, were hushed, I did approach; and, with a long pole, I did raise my hook up unto the window, where it I fastened; so that thereto pendant was my ropen-ladder; after which, I down my pole forth let, and swift and easy did ascend.

WHEN-

WHENAS I saw myself safe in the chamber, I straightwith up my ladder drew, and, it having hidden, shut to the window ; meanwhile mine heart did intermittent beat with palpitations strong and violent : then did I draw near and listen if that my Lady-dear were yet asleep. My shoon I carefully had into my pocket putten ; and, on tiptoe, right softly, step by step, trembling, on the creaking boards, strode o'er the chamber, till I the bed-post felt ; whereupon, when



there I came, I groped about, which the foot was and which the head to find; and, on a chair, that by the tester stood, to undress I sat me down, in trances shivering all of fear and joy.

THIS done, with one hand I the bed-clothes and coverlet up-raised, and with the other did feel along to find which way and how my Gentle-spouse was laid; then, right softly, putting one foot into bed, I after drew  
the

the other, scarcely breathing, and all respectful of her maiden fears ; after which I gently slid down by degrees.

AND she, whom I thought my Well-beloved, lay all out-stretched, at length, with me, side by side ; as I, trembling and timid, with cautious-touch discover did.

AND now did the wilely Genevieve, in feigned sleep, quiescent lie, and still as death ; whereupon, I, with loving caresses having, as I thought,

awakened her, did put right many an amorous alloquy ; to which she answer returned none, unless and except by some dumb signs of kindness, few and slight.

So that I remained in great amazement ; and, with many many tender kisses, in my arms right lovingly clasping her, I to her said, “ My Life ! My Love !  
“ Fresh and fragrant Completion  
“ of my Soul ! Ah ! wherefore  
“ speakest thou not unto me ? Tell  
“ me, truly ; art thou abashed in  
“ one and the self-same bed to be  
“ with

" with me, thy True-love and thy  
 " Husband?—But wherefore?—  
 " Did not the Holy-man give it  
 " in command that the Bride  
 " gentle-greeting and reception  
 " on the Bridegroom should be-  
 " stow; for that it was so or-  
 " dained, seeing that they are  
 " but one; one person, one heart,  
 " one soul? Did he not, with  
 " blessed speech and words of  
 " sanctity, remove all fear of  
 " evil from thy mind? And, see-  
 " ing these things are thus,  
 " wherefore, oh! my most beau-  
 " teous



"teous Virgin-bride, wherefore  
 "dost thou yield again to maiden  
 "fears?—Nay, answer, my Be-  
 "loved!"

AND, seeing that still she an-  
 swered not, I again began to  
 say.

"AND if it be, oh! Angel-  
 "mine, that these my kind ca-  
 "resses offence do give to thy  
 "too rigorous chastity, what  
 "though my amorous heart's  
 "affection thereby should in  
 "sufferance

" sufferance grieve, speak but,  
 " and thy virtuous behests shall  
 " be obeyed; yea, speak thy  
 " pure thoughts, and they shall  
 " be unto me as holy laws.—  
 " Certes, I do acknowledge it is a  
 " right auncient custom, and most  
 " consecrate, that the new mar-  
 " ried pair, desirous of Heaven to  
 " be blessed, three nights together  
 " should offer up their orisons,  
 " side by side, with fervid heart,  
 " abstaining from all bridal rites.  
 " If this thy will and wish should  
 " be; yea, to this will I yield:  
 " say

“ say but that such thy mandate  
“ is, and straightforth I will rise,  
“ and the waxen taper illumine  
“ that standeth before thy cruci-  
“ fix; yea, will convince thee my  
“ love for Blanche, my Bride,  
“ not selfish is, but pure as her’s  
“ for me—Speak, tell me, what  
“ is thy will ?”

I thereupon a motion made to  
rise, and a light strike; but she  
right-gently me withheld, put-  
ting her arm around my neck.

“ OH!

“ OH! source of life and plea-  
“ sure! of death and misery! oh  
“ Love! malicious Child! where-  
“ fore was not that arrow broken  
“ with the which thou didst transf-  
“ pierce and perforate the heart  
“ of Genevieve? Or wherefore  
“ was not mine a heart of mar-  
“ ble, instead of, as it was, a  
“ heart combustible! But, ah!  
“ vain and senseless regret! Was  
“ it not Blanche? Was it not  
“ my beloved Bride, whom I  
“ then believed I in my arms  
“ held, to my bosom clasping?



“ Yea, it was my Sweeting, my  
“ Blanche, whom my phantasies  
“ right amorously careffed : yea,  
“ to her lips mine did seem to  
“ grow ; her breath I breathed,  
“ her foul and mine were ming-  
“ led, were melted into one !  
“ Ah ! most ungentle gentlenefs !  
“ Difaftrous and unpleafing plea-  
“ fure ! Unfavoury and deceitful  
“ fweetnefs ! Ah ! difloyal Ge-  
“ nevieve, that, with kindnefs fo  
“ uncourteous, didft inveigle and,  
“ in will, purloin another’s rights !  
“ And wherefore, oh my heart,  
“ when

“when thou didst beat to her’s,  
“wherefore didst thou not say  
“unto me, This is not the heart  
“of thy Beloved?”

YEA, it was my Guardian-  
faint who, from high heaven be-  
holding my extreme peril, did  
descend and snatch me from the  
precipice, down which the Fiend,  
Satan, would else have headlong  
cast me. Listen to my escape  
miraculous! It happened thus.

TWO-FOLD was the cause:

first

first that Genevieve, having fear of herself betraying if an that she spoke, did repel my too adventurous transports; and, second, in that, from this her still obstinate silence, I did first begin doubt to entertain: whereupon, measuring myself with her from head to foot, I, in thought, began to say, Why, who is this? To me it seemeth she, the Queen of my heart's affections, is not all-out so tall; and, surely, heretofore, she not seemed so robust and large of limb! Surely the hands of  
Blanche

Blanche are softer hands and gentler!

AND thus did I long continue doubting; and thenafter myself accusing, for these my doubts; for that it was a crime, to Love heinous and unpardonable, thus to question the heavenly charms of Blanche! \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

AND, before day began to appear, sleep came upon me; and,  
in



in the morning, Dame Bazu at the door did knock, her daughter to awaken; who, in her heart, did long, inordinate, in the same bed with me to be caught and taken. Therefore she at the first knock up-rose, and straight-way the room-door opened, and Dame Bazu did enter, the whiles Genevieve again crept into bed.

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CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HOW DAME BAZU DID COME AND  
SEARCH THE BED OF BLANCHE;  
AND OF ALL THAT HAPPENED  
THEREUPON.

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THEN did Dame Bazu require of sifter Genevieve why and wherefore she slept in this her sifter's chamber. Whereunto

N Genevieve

Genevieve did wily answer make  
that want of rest had driven her  
from her own. Hearing this,  
her mother forth was going;  
but Genevieve, turning herself,  
me purposely did awaken; and  
I, also, with a deep sigh, did turn  
likewise; yet was I, nathless, not  
visible, having my head hid un-  
der the bed clothes; and, there-  
upon, suspicions did arise in the  
mind of Dame Bazu, seeing some  
one hidden was in bed with  
Genevieve, her daughter.

THEN

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THEN did all my joys to sorrow turn, and all the dark transports of the night to dole and horror dire, when that, by my side, I found my beloved spouse was not, but this her most disloyal foe. Yea, less a thousand thousand times was then my fear of being seen by Dame Bazu than was the remorse of my soul, for that, but in thought, I had offended against my Lady-dear, and her chaste rites conjugal.

AND now, beholding how



Genevieve did blush, Dame Bazu  
the face of me, Peter, not seeing,  
did of her daughter quick in-  
quiry make who it might be ;  
to which Genevieve did feign  
reply. “ Who may it be, my  
“ Lady-mother dear, but Blanche  
“ your daughter, and sister mine?”  
Whereupon Dame Bazu began  
to call “ Blanche ! Blanche !”  
And, Blanche not answering, she  
under the sheet did put her hand,  
her to awaken by tickling of her  
feet ; which feeling, I did them  
up-draw all I might. And Dame  
Bazu,

Bazu, by reason of my length of limb, did straight exclaim, "Jesu! "Mother of God, defend me!"

FINDING these things were so, I did devise a prompt and hardy stratagem; for that I might escape being seen, and save myself from shame and Dame Bazu. With both my hands the coverlet I quick upsnatched, and, on my knees arising, did Dame Bazu in it envelope; then, forth springing from the bed, and over Genevieve leaping, I down the staircase,

case, on the bannister, swang, sliding; and, finding the door below already opened, into the street, all naked in my shirt, swift fled.

BUT Dame Bazu, meanwhile, to the window ran, and me aloud called after, and cried to have me stopped; and with her cries did the early neighbours for alarm that they, also, from their doors and windows did shouting give alarm.

WHEREUPON

WHEREUPON some village clowns, who, in company, fruits and provisions were to market bringing, this hue and cry hearing, and me beholding fly after such strange sort, the pursuit did join; and I, being taken, was to prison led, all in my shirt, naked as I was, like unto a thief or night-robber.



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CHAPTER THE THIRD.

HOW I. CONDEMNED WAS AND SENTENCED BY THE LAW TO MARRY GENEVIEVE; AND HOW BLANCHE, AND THE FEAL BLAISE, CAME ME TO VISIT IN THE PRISON.

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AFTER long having lain in this my dungeon deep, no foul feeling, nor scarce the light of day, I a narrow-stone-staircase was up-  
led,

led, into the great justice-hall, where sat the Judges ; and there inquest was made, in presence of Dame Bazu and her son Blaise. Whereupon, I not denying the things that she affirmed, I, by law, condemned was Genevieve to marry and espouse; and only that day allotted was the thing on to consider and determine.

MUTE was my mouth, and stupid did I stand; funken and dejected; forsaken of all the world,

world, except the feal Blaife;  
who these words to me spake.

“ALAS! Peter, my friend,  
“the cozenage and knavery that  
“hath been done thee grievous  
“is. In words thou art the  
“spouse of one of my sisters,  
“and in deeds of the other.  
“Yet canst thou not have them,  
“both. What, then, how, then,  
“wilt thou act and do?”

“ALAS!” said I, “how may  
“I answer? I wote not, I!”

WHEREUPON

WHEREUPON Blaise continued thus:—"Thy marriage, " with my sister Blanche, no " conclusion and end hath had; " but that with Genevieve hath " consummation, and wanteth " but the commencement and " ceremony of marriage; where- " fore, this, of the other having " taken place, must now prece- " dence keep."

"PLACE and precedence!" I replied, "And thinkest thou I " will quit my true and law-



“ful Spouse, my Bride, my  
“Blanche?”

“YEA, by the blessed Mary!”  
answered Blaise; “for, an if  
“thou dost not, thou must suf-  
“fer according to the law.”

“THEN suffer I must,” said I;  
“for her’s only will I be.”

Now, while thus we spake,  
Blanche we beheld coming, with  
disordered garments; her ringlet-  
locks all floating on her shoul-  
ders,

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ders, and her beauteous face all  
tears. Thus she came, me to  
supplicate that I would live the  
wedded Lord of Genevieve;  
and, I refusing, on her knees she  
fell, and thus me prayed; yea,  
with eyes that yet still faster  
flowed than mine.

“ AH! dear Friend of my  
“ Soul, and Life of Hopes fore-  
“ gone, seeing this misfeasaunce  
“ is past recall, if that thy true  
“ heart still doth yearn to her  
“ that loveth thee, and will love  
“ thee

“ thee ever, if thou wouldest not  
“ behold her right suddenly yield  
“ up the ghost, live, dear Lover-  
“ mine; live, and in remem-  
“ brance hold the vast dishonour  
“ that would alight on thy poor  
“ Blanche, and on thy feal  
“ friend, of having a sister de-  
“ flowered by one who igno-  
“ miniously must suffer death.”

“ DEFLOWERED !” straight  
answered I, right fashous; “ No,  
“ not by me, nor never shall,  
“ disloyal maiden, as she is !”

“ MAIDEN !”

“MAIDEN!” cried Blanche, with eager haste: “Maiden! “Peter?”

YEA, on the faith of my body, I replied.

THEN, with blushes scarlet dyed, the cheeks of Blanche like rose of May appeared; she hiding them with both her hands. Yet did she with some further word of joyful explanation, and to the seal Blaise did say, “Who, brother, might  
“have



“ have thought these things were  
“ so ?”

HEARING this, I, softly, to my friend, did then recount how, side by side, with Genevieve I lay, her mistaking for my lovely Bride ; how to her I did address my amorous complaints and supplications ; and, after these, caresses-chaste ; to all which, Genevieve, daring no reply, fearing by her voice to be betrayed, did silence keep ; and how I, afterwards, full of doubtful inquietude became,

came, finding she more large and  
lusty was than might my Best-  
beloved be: all which Blanche,  
though she no seeming notice  
took, did right distinctly hear  
and listen to.

THIS my tale being told, I  
aside did glance a look at her,  
my Lady-dear; who, weeping  
less, far more serene did seem; so  
that, this beholding, I thereat  
took heart and hope.

BUT the feal Blaife, with dole-

O

ful

ful speech, did still affirm that Justice to my words would give no faith; and me, nathless, again enjoined to Genevieve espouse: all which hearing, my Lady-dear and I shed floods of tears; yea, and in this plight, with extacy effervescent, she my knees did clasp, saying things that might have moved a heart of rock; and sobbing till that mine was like to break. Wherefore, not daring her will and pleasure longer to resist, I did promise so to do as she should bid.

WHEREUPON,

WHEREUPON, brother and  
sister left me, both, with conjura-  
tions, manifold, of love and  
friendship, that I not on the gal-  
lows tree would die; but, ah!  
much worse, that I the spouse  
would be of, her the treacherous  
and dæmoniacal, Genevieve.



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CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

HOW I COMPORTED MYSELF BEFORE  
MY JUDGES; AND HOW ONE OF  
THEM MADE A FINE AND EFFLUENT  
HARANGUE.

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NOW, on the morrow morning, behold my Lord and Father to me came; and, grieved as he was, me did gravely reprehend

prehend ; for that, in my frenetic love and passions, I had brought these evil-happenings upon myself ; shewing unto me that the Heavens were in wrath against me ; and that the avenging God would leave me to death and shame, unless that I obeyed the law, for thus had all the Judges told him ; and thus, also, had they told my Lady-Blanche, who unto him had come, and prayed him that he to me these things would signify.

WHICH having said, my Father left me ; all abashed and mute.

THEN was I, again, into the presence of my Judges, forth brought ; and then and there was read unto me the sentence of the law, against such Carls as Virgins do seduce ; which, being ended, I did straight require if there no law was found against those Syren-Calots who practice make to inveigle and seduce innocent and unwary Youth ; saying  
“ that

“ that the first concerned not  
 “ me ; but, for the latter, yea.”

Now, inasmuch as they me  
 pressed, that option I would  
 make, these words aloud I did  
 declare. “ An if it be that, for  
 “ acquittal and discharge of con-  
 “ scientious ordinaunce, I marry  
 “ must with Genevieve, full loath  
 “ am I cause of offence to give  
 “ to God or man, and I obey.  
 “ Me then bring, in company  
 “ with Genevieve, to the gal-  
 “ lows-foot, and there I do con-



“ sent her for my wife to take ;  
“ if, and provided, by oath, ye  
“ shall to me promise and accord  
“ that we, both, at the same in-  
“ stant, may together strangled  
“ be ; but an if not, I will no  
“ promise make ; yea, an so it  
“ please ye, me alone ye may  
“ thither bring ; my purpose is  
“ unshaken, and I for quick  
“ judgment do intreat.”

AND straightway behold a  
clamour and a tumult ran from  
voice to voice ; and my Judges

all looked on me with choler  
and displaifauce, and among  
themselves they said, I to death  
and execution must be led forth-  
with.

WHEREUPON, one of the  
number stood up, and thus spake  
aloud.

“LEARNED Lords and bre-  
“thren mine.—Haste we not so  
“fast to do this youth to death.  
“Seeing that, in other matters, our  
“steps are most deliberate, grave,  
“and

“ and slow, wherefore stride we  
“ so fast sentence to inflict,  
“ which, when once inflicted,  
“ may not be reversed? And  
“ must not also previous forms  
“ here find observaunce due?  
“ Wherefore, hear and know,  
“ learned and grave Lords, that  
“ a young and gentle maiden is,  
“ already, the Bride of this con-  
“ demned Culprit; and that all  
“ laws, human and divine, would  
“ in abhorrence hold obligation  
“ on man to marry second wife,  
“ who, living, hath a first. If  
“ this

" this marriage antecedent be  
 " not valid found, as our past  
 " enquiry in this matter doth  
 " denote, for that without con-  
 " sent and will of parents it was  
 " made, we first must legally  
 " proceed it to annul and void  
 " make. And this to me doth  
 " seem advice orderly and good;  
 " according to custom and to  
 " right."

Thus spake the Judge, and,  
 straightwith, sans let or delay,  
 they were all of one accord:  
 whereupon



whereupon it happened that I, Peter the Long, was taken back unto my dungeon; where but short time I remained before that other strange and grievous matters came to pass.

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CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

HOW MY MARRIAGE WITH BLANCHE,  
MY LADY-DEAR, BROKEN AND  
NULL BECAME.

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**M**AGISTER Trouffot was  
the Judge who had given this  
counsel good. Yet was I not to  
him obliged so much as to his holy  
confessor

confessor; the whom a Capuchin was, named Father Madray; a fat and portly Friar of this afore said order, and the very same who the holy marriage bands had knit 'tween me and Blanche. He, right early on the judgment-day, before that the Magisters in court assembled were, had private audience of the Judge, Trouffot, demanded; and to him recital made how I to Blanche was married; yea, and also, how I the son of the reverend Father-Guardian was.

Now

Now this good confessor great  
number had of souls devout  
through Paris city; yea, truly,  
and at the Court, also; who him  
in love and reverence held; and  
he to these, with holy Father-  
Guardian, went; me giving hope  
and comfort, and to me telling I  
under the safeguard of the Con-  
vent was.

YET, nathless, soon as again  
the Judges were together met,  
so soon my marriage was made  
null. Yea, an as though the  
laws



laws of man might stronger and more sacred be than vows and promises of Lovers true!

Now, hereupon, there was no mean for me but to espouse her sister; yea, the malign Traitors Genevieve; but this I abhorrent held impossible, to the utter heart's distraction of Blanche, my Lady-dear, as from this my true history will incontinent be seen.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOW INTO PERIL I DECLINED;  
SUCH AS NEVER LOVER KNEW  
SEMBLAUNTE.

NOW was the afflicted Lady  
of my heart's-love in her bed  
funken, deject and feeble; yea,  
almost to death done; for, on the

P strength

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strength of her youth; disasters  
and fell sorrow fed.

THEN did it enter into her  
heart her fair body into a pil-  
grim's habiliments to put; and  
straightway she arose, this her  
purpose pious to perform.

AND over her fair and tender  
shoulders she did throw a coarse  
and drugget mantle, with shells  
all covered over; and her auburn  
locks and ivory brow she up-  
muffled in a hood; then, with  
staff in hand, accoutred thus, she  
in

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In search of the reverend Father  
Guardian went, and after this  
fort to him spake.

“ HOLY Father, confession am  
“ I come to make of having  
“ loved Peter, my Lord, your  
“ son; yea, with all my heart,  
“ and with all my mind; and at  
“ this present now, while I to  
“ you these things recognate,  
“ what though our marriage  
“ be made null and void; I  
“ still do love him, and shall  
“ love him, ever. Therefore,



“ and for that it is meet that I  
 “ myself should punish, and that  
 “ our God should not send Peter  
 “ down into the grave, I here am  
 “ come to make a vow that an  
 “ holy pilgrimage, to blessed Saint  
 “ James of Galicia, I will make ;  
 “ there, in a rock, myself to build  
 “ a hermitage, and there pen-  
 “ naunce to perform ; like unto a  
 “ wretched sinner, as I am.  
 “ And unto the God of Heaven  
 “ will I pray. (Thus said the  
 “ poor grieved Blanche, all  
 “ drowned in her tears) Yea,  
 “ day

“ day and night, and night and  
 “ day, will supplicate; not that  
 “ I Peter may no longer love,  
 “ but that he no longer may love  
 “ me; to the end that, marrying  
 “ Genevieve, he may not suffer  
 “ the Lover’s torments.”

AND Blanche these things did  
 say in all simplicity and heart’s  
 dole; yea, infomuch that holy  
 Father-Guardian could not him-  
 self refrain to weep. And, hav-  
 ing wept awhile, he did a face  
 of greater cheerfulness enforce,

saying that for me there still one hope remained. After which he her towards the house of Dame Bazu brought back; the whom they found all distraught, wild and wandering in the streets, unknown how these things would end, or succour where to seek.

My Lord and Father her thus seeing, these words of comfort spake. "Take heart of hope, "oh! Dame Bazu, and me follow to the Court; one thing "only have I to give in charge:

"Note

"Note well to say as I say.

"Come, let us all three before

"the Judges go; be resolute,

"and fear not."

BUT, lo! while these things came to pass, my sentence, dooming death, was to me read; in-  
somuch that, when as they arrived, I bound with cords wat,  
kneeling ere execution, ready at the feet of a Confessor, who a Jacobine was hight; which, when Blanche beheld, she down dropped, lifeless, on the steps; yea,



holy Father-Guardian in dumb stupor stood; and Dame Bazu aloud exclaimed, yea shrieked with agony, at the fearful sight.

AH! what state of despair, horribly dire, was mine! Ah! how less dreadful the death that gazed ghastly and erect on me to that which seemed to have stricken my Lady-dear!

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CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

HOW INCREASE OF DOLOUR  
CAME UPON ME, AND MORE  
MISHAP.

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THE feal Blaife had not all  
this while been idle, though him  
I saw not; but bitter, yet true  
discourse did hold with Gene-  
vieve,

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vieve, of and concerning her traitourous deed to me and Blanche, her sister-dear; and whenas his reproofs, his prayers and admonitions she to the end had heard, and that she saw death was come upon me, she took shame unto herself, and said—

“ SINCE that innocent I rose,  
“ from the bed of Peter, there is  
“ no cause that, therefore, he  
“ should die; for, sooth to say,  
“ he death not merits for aught  
“ of evil that he, Peter, to me  
“ did.

“ did. Whereupon, if evil  
 “ tongues me hereafter blame,  
 “ my conscience me blame will  
 “ not; therefore let me do good  
 “ unto him whom I do love,  
 “ and go we straightforth unto  
 “ the Judges.”

AND when before the Judges  
 they were come, her and the  
 feal Blaife, the Magisters were  
 told, by the reverend Father-  
 Guardian, and also by Dame  
 Bazu, that they not power had  
 the marriage to make null of  
 Blanche



Blanche and me, for that they,  
the Father and Mother, gave free  
approvement and consent. And,  
thereupon, Genevieve, having  
first renounced her hopes of Pa-  
radise if aught but verity she  
spake, stood up and said, " That  
" I, Peter the Long, no purport  
" had with her to bed, but with  
" my true and lawful Spouse, her  
" sister Blanche; but that, by ill  
" advice, and instigation of the  
" Devil, she, with rule-less pas-  
" sions, seized upon her sister's  
" place and chamber; yet that,  
" nathless,

“ nathless, I, Peter, had not ef-  
 “ fected aught that might do  
 “ detriment to chaste virginity,  
 “ which was to matron proof  
 “ most feafable.”

WHEREUPON the Judges, one  
 and all, declared that, in their pri-  
 vate minds and confciences, they  
 no doubt entertained of my fair  
 innocence ; yea, answered they,  
 and faid, “ Equity is for Peter ;  
 “ but the Law is for Death.”

Now, thefe things being fo,  
 2 they

they commandment gave that, my confession being made, I to execution must be led, and for that purpose up I rose.

AND, lo! my Father-dear and Dame Bazu did, with outstretched arms, my gait impede, all agonizing with soul's pity and furious despair; yea, and the distracted Blanche the crowd through sprang, and, me clasping in her arms, with all her might did call aloud, "Kill him kill me! for that the same thing is.

"Ye

“Ye cruel men and unrelenting!

“If with him ye will not suffer

“me to live, with him ye shall

“not hinder me to die!”

GENEVIEVE also at their feet  
was prostrate; to one she turned,  
and to another, and to them all;  
by their robes them holding, the  
which she with her tears be-  
dewed.

Now these things were to me  
an hundred deaths; and, all de-  
plorable, I dragged along my  
Lady!



Lady-dear, staggering as I went;  
and the Magisters, knowing me  
innocent, these things beheld,  
yet suffered me to go. Ah!  
how may their Judges be, in  
lands where laws are so unjust!

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**CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.**

WHICH IS THE END AND CONCLUSION OF THE AMOUROUS HISTORY OF PETER THE LONG.

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AND lo, behold! as me to death they trained, long and loud laughs were at a distance heard; and these repeated peals

Q of

of mirth were by a fat Friar, hight Capuchin, occasioned ; who, on a hackney mounted, him whipping was, and spurring along, till that down he fell, and him, the Friar, into the muddy channel threw ; nathless without thereby him dole doing.

AND, soon as the multitude him up-gathered had, again his stumbling steed he mounted ; and, all regardless of garments mud-besprent, again did eager drive through the crowd, spurring

ring his horse to a gallop; and, clattering along, towards the prison came, crying, "Pardon! "pardon! A reprieve! a reprieve!" And, forthwith, all the people repeated, "Pardon! "pardon! A reprieve! a reprieve!"

AND lo! I myself presently beheld the holy Father; who, in his hand, brought the King's free grace and pardon, which thing he himself signified. And him I straightway knew Father



Madray to be; and he to me explained and told how a beautiful and high-born Dame, to Court appertinaunte, had begged and saved my life; and, moreover, that Blanche, my Beloved, my henceforth Spouse should be.

AND, when these things I heard, my mouth became mute, and my ears deaf; yea, and so overcome was I, that I knew not who or where I was. And well-nigh was I to give up the ghost, passing, thus suddenly, from

from terrour and grief so grievous,  
to joy so joyous, in extremes.

AND long, long after this, I  
myself found in a chamber all  
surrounded by savant Doctors,  
Chirurgions, who medicaments  
and phlebotomy would admini-  
ster; all which I obstinately did  
withstand, saying, "Nought was  
wanting me well to make, ex-  
cept and save to behold my  
beloved Blanche, the reverend  
Father-Guardian, and the fea-  
Blaise." Then forthwith them

and Dame Bazu they to me brought; and, having kissed and embraced them all, I began aloft to spring into the air, and sing, and clap my hands, and clasp, kiss, and embrace each and every person and soul that me to came.

NATHLESS, the reverend Father-Guardian right loth did seem that I should married be, and wished his promise to withnull; till that the feal Blaise him informed, and proved, that the family of Bazu was of the  
 race

race of church-men; and then my Lord and Father yielded, and himself again did celebrate our marriage, in the chapel belonging to the prison, and in the presence and full assembly of the Magister-Judges.

THUS, I, Peter, sang; and thus my honoured Dame, Blanche Bazu, answered, in response delectable to hear.



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THE SONG OF PETER THE LONG  
AND BLANCHE BAZU.

PETER THE LONG.

BLESSED of men! To Love and thee

The fates accord

A lovely Lady!

BLANCHE BAZU.

And to me

A courteous and a loyal Lord!

Each look, each word, each gentle smile;

My heart of every care beguile.

PETER THE LONG.

And while on thee, enrapt, I gaze,

Should Angels lend their speech

'twould be,

To

To speak my transports, or thy praise,

Unworthy them, unworthy thee.

Blessed of men! To Love and thee

The Fates accord

A lovely Lady!

FLANCHE BAZU.

And to me:

A courteous and a loyal Lord.

BOTH.

Each look, each word, each gentle smile,

My heart of every care beguile.

AND when the hour of rest  
and bed-time came, my Lady-  
dear me thus bespake. "Peter,  
" Lord

" Lord and Husband mine, I  
 " to God a vow have made on  
 " pilgrimage to go to Saint  
 " James of Gallicia, if that he  
 " not suffer thee to die would ;  
 " wherefore, I not with thee may  
 " sleep until that first we have  
 " together pilgrims to Gallicia  
 " gone, there to perform my  
 " vow, and render true-heart-  
 " thanks to the mercies of God."

Now this might not be gain-  
 said, nor my consent might I  
 refuse ; wherefore, having first  
 new

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new built the Lover's Well, we  
together wandered, pilgrims true  
and chaste, sans incumbrance  
or worldly care, till that in Gal-  
licia we arrived. And, ever  
and anon, as we onward strayed,  
I to my Love and Lady-dear  
these words addressed.

THE JOYOUS DITTY OF PETER

THE LONG.

IS there fay,

On earth a lover,

Be he who or what he may,

Who can joys like mine discover!

I have



I have wail'd and I have wept,  
 Involv'd in Passion's artful snare,  
 Have groan'd the victim of despair,  
 And many a dismal vigil kept.  
 But all the cares, and pangs, and tears,  
 Words can number, thought recall,  
 Though each moment had been years,  
 Love hath overpaid them all.

Happy husbands, happy wives,  
 Lasting be your Loves and lives:  
 Never shall you more repine  
 When you all have hearts like mine.

MUSEUM  
 THE END AND CONCLUSION OF THE  
 AMOUEOUS HISTORY OF THE LONG.  
 MUSEUM

